

THE DYING DRUMMER BOY

Composed

BY

L. GRUBE.



Words

BY

J. C. KOCH.

The incidents related in this song, are reported as follows : A lady, whose only son had gone to War as a Drummer-Boy, hearing that a battle was fought, hastened to the battle-field, and with a mother's care and anxiety, searched for her dear boy ; she found him at last, laying under a tree, his head resting on his faithful drum, which was broke. He died in his mother's arms. His last words were—

*"And when again Columbia's sun
Shines o'er the land and sea,
The war at end, the battle won,
Then, do remember me!"*

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THE DYING DRUMMER-BOY.

Words by J. O. KOCH, Esq.

Music by LOUIS GRUBE.

Moderato.

1. Come, lis - ten to me, mother
2. Re - mem - ber me, when home at
3. My drum was broke on yon-der

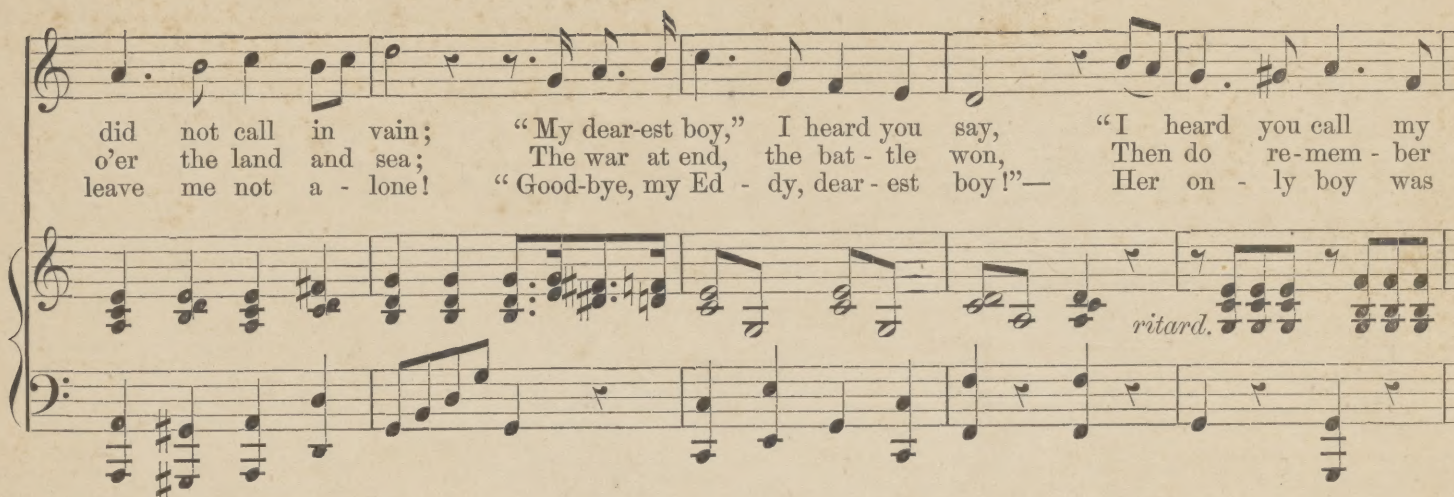
p *dim.* *pp*

dear, Be - fore your boy must die; But first re-move that sadd'ning tear, That
night, You speak with tear and sigh, To lit - tle Ma - ry by your side, Of
hill, On yon - der blood - y field; Three thousand hearts are ly - ing still, Who

ff.

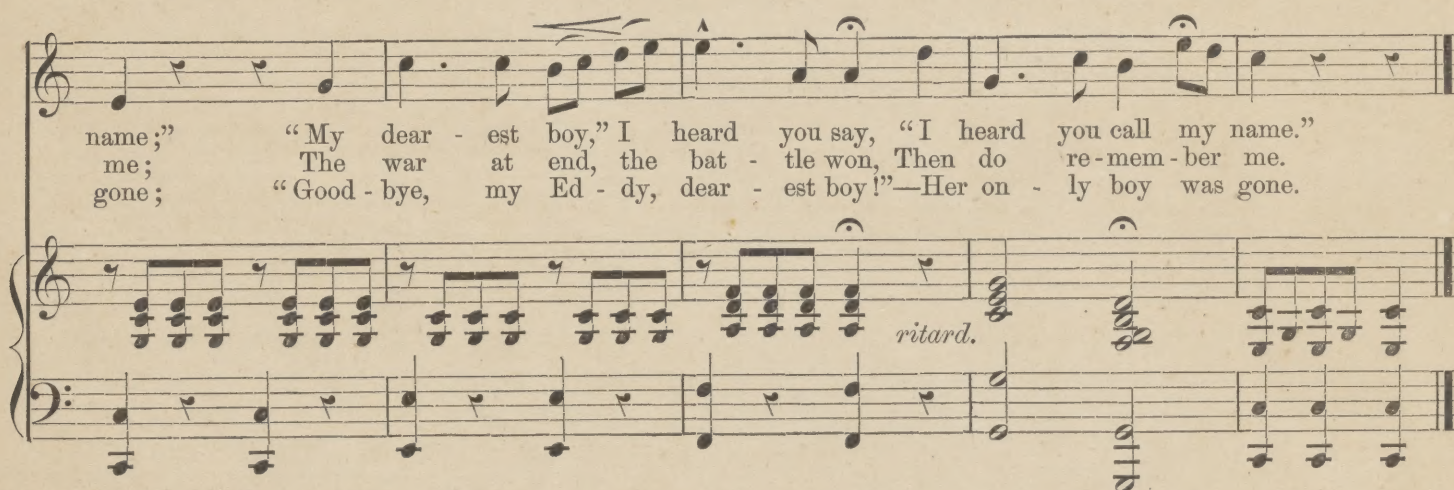
glis - tens in your eye. You came to me from far a - way, I
hap - pier days gone by. And when a - gain Co - lum - bia's sun Shines
were their coun - try's shield: But now, how dark! but still, what joy! O,

ff.



did not call in vain; "My dear-est boy," I heard you say, "I heard you call my
o'er the land and sea; The war at end, the bat-tle won, Then do re-mem-ber
leave me not a-lone! "Good-bye, my Ed-dy, dear-est boy!"— Her on-ly boy was

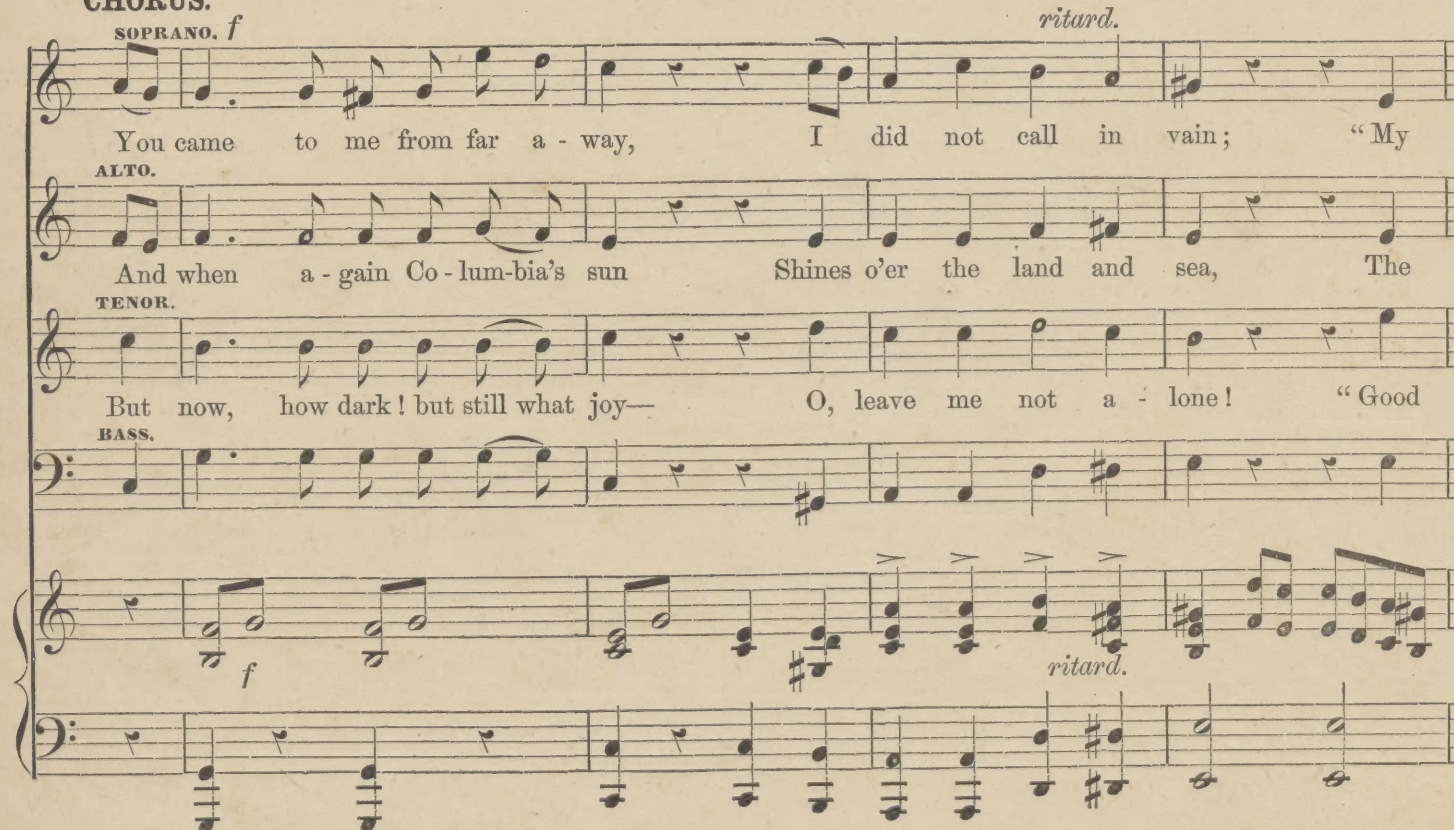
ritard.



name;" "My dear-est boy," I heard you say, "I heard you call my name."
me; The war at end, the bat-tle won, Then do re-mem-ber me.
gone; "Good-bye, my Ed-dy, dear-est boy!"—Her on-ly boy was gone.

ritard.

CHORUS.



SOPRANO. *f* *ritard.*
You came to me from far a-way, I did not call in vain; "My
ALTO.
And when a-gain Co-lum-bia's sun Shines o'er the land and sea, The
TENOR.
But now, how dark! but still what joy— O, leave me not a-lone! "Good
BASS.

f *ritard.*

dear - est boy," I heard you say, "I heard you call my name;" "My dear - est boy," I
 war at end, The bat - tle won, Then do re - mem - ber me; The war at end, the
 bye, my Ed - dy, dear - est boy!"—Her on - ly boy was gone! "Good - bye, my Ed - dy,

heard you say, "I heard you call . . . my name."
 bat - tle won, Then do re - mem - ber me.
 dear - est boy!"—Her on - ly boy was gone.

f *dim.* *p*

